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1. Poetry, American

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# THE PAST AND PRESENT

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BY

SICNARF

(Farmer)

NEW YORK AND WASHINGTON
THE NEALE PUBLISHING CO.
1905

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# THE PAST AND PRESENT

ASSOCIATION

## THE PAST AND PRESENT

### I

Who faults his age is not a traitor to it,
Who lauds it most will sooner quite undo
it;
A middle course is safer to pursue:
Fault what is wrong, but laud the good
and true.

No doubt our age is wiser than the last,
In many ways superior to the past;
For men have lived and died to make it so,
Surely their efforts should some fruitage
show.

## II

Look backward to the age of George the Third:
Strong were the passions that mankind disturbed,
Licentious kings had spread corruption round,
And public vice prolific did abound;
Faith, the foundation of a social state,
Had fled, and left the people desolate;
Ripe were the subjects of such worthless kings
For rank rebellion—what rebellion brings.
A century ago grim pirates sailed
The ocean o'er, and painful loss entailed;
Great risks they ran who ventured on the sea
Without a man-of-war in company:
Swift sailing craft with rakish masts there were
With men on board with neither love nor fear,
Save love of spoils—that they could turn to gold—

Their deeds of blood were better left untold.
Slave ships were owned by many Northern men,
Whose sons fought bravely to release them when
The purchasers arose to keep, for what they'd paid—
In after years 'twas this rebellion made.
Those were the days when men were caught and sold,
Both black and white alike, for rum or gold;
For drinking rum was then no crime on earth—
Yea, drinking hugely was a sign of worth.
Press-gangs there were who seized men on their way,
And made them bond-men whether yea or nay;
Poor debtors were imprisoned when they failed,
With common criminals were they classed and jailed.
(In this respect have we improvement made,
That borrowers now can their just debts evade?

You sue a man for what he justly owes,
He stalks abroad with finger on his nose.)
Such was the justice our grandfathers gave—
To be unfortunate was to be a knave;
A virtuous debtor, though a woman pure,
They would with vagabonds immure;
Their loathsome prisons were unfit for beasts,
Where vermin fattened on their putrid feasts:
To-day, our prisons, save in country places,
Are pleasanter than ancient palaces,
Though here and there are prisons where they fetter,
Compared with old time dungeons, little better.

## III

Our great progenitors, neither just nor gentle,
Indulged but rarely in the sentimental—
Witness the records of Colonial times
And note what penalties were paid for crimes:
To steal was just as sinful as to kill,
Death was the cure for every human ill;
They talked of mercy dropping from the skies,
Then gave to justice added sacrifice;
Note with astonishment how they would slay
For crimes considered trifling in our day.
Small wonder that their ways were unrefined,
It was an age of darkness, men were blind:
The world about them had but little charm,
Its dreadful secrets filled them with alarm.

It took a year to travel it around,
Most men were by their small horizons bound;
Twelve miles an hour, that was the fastest rate
Their means of getting on were adequate—
The great majority going anywhere
Employed what's called in slang "Shanks' mare."
They were not by their automobiles slain,
Nor made they exit by a railway train;
Yet many perished in those early days
When slowly traveling by uncertain ways.
Men dwelt in hovels with an earthen floor,
Whose roofs with straw were thinly covered o'er,
Though nobles dwelt in castles built of stone
And made the best of everything their own.
God's temples too were raised in splendid style,
Had painted windows and a high arched aisle,
A Gothic framework and a lofty spire,
A marble altar, and mosaic choir;

Men sought in heaven what they lacked
below,
Sweet angels' robes and crowns, release
from woe.

IV

A century ago this nation, just begun,
Had scarce equipment proper course to run:
No railways, steamboats, nor machines to aid
The toil of earth—these since wise men have made.
"Knowledge is power," knowledge of means and ways
Has since evolved through later yesterdays.
Yet much they wrought with implements they had,
To improve their time and make the future glad.
Compare their ships of war with those that sail
Propelled by steam and clothed in iron mail;
You have the record of their deeds marine,
Go envy then the heroes who have been—

Greater their victories on the raging sea
Than those in times since we began to be.
Compare the tools which wrought this mighty state
With those in use, and call the Fathers great.

V

Ignorance existed 'mongst the mass of men,
Who could not read, nor spell, nor hold the pen;
The realm of Nature, that was held to be,
Forbidden to the good, a realm of mystery,
And those who sought its secrets to explore
Were still thought atheistic, as of yore.
To those who into Nature's secrets pried,
Wizards and witches were the terms applied;
The lightning was the sword, or lance, of God,
With which when angry He destroyed the bad.
A few there were who thought quite otherwise
And sought the treasures of the earth and skies,

Nor sought in vain its secrets to explore,
For they divulged them ever more and more.
These were opposed, not only by the mass,
But by the learned and the leisure class;
Who gained their profits by dispensing lore,
Taught by the sages in the ages hoar.
Doctors, who bled their patients till they died;
Prophets, who called it Providence, besides;
Lawyers, who throve in drawing sick men's wills—
All who throve best by ignorance of ills.
Science was "false," and only that was true
Which fools had taught when all the world was new.
I call them "fools," because they sought to find
Only in self the ways of life and mind,
Neglecting Nature, that doth clearly show
The laws conservative of life below;
Walking amid the plentitudes of space,
A cringing, trembling, superstitious race—

Imagining spirits of another sphere
Were playing mischief with the carnal here;
That stars and planets, rolling in their path,
Were influences of welfare and of wrath.
But fault not all, for some there were who saw
Behind the veil what kept the world in awe;
There rose on earth a more enlightened race,
Who greeted knowledge with a grateful face.
We live to-day upon a world transformed,
With bigotry at every point disarmed;
No longer persecution with fanatic ire
Destroys reformers with its rack and fire.

## VI

When that, the nineteenth century was
born,
The Christian Church by factious men
was torn.
Her pulpit was a place where preachers
fought
With weapons taken from the field of
thought;
In bloodless combat were they wont to
rage,
Each as a champion for his sect engage.
Stern men there were who thought it
wrong to smile,
For life too brief it seemed, and earth too
vile;
The epithets they used are now unknown,
Our age refined doth now such terms dis-
own;
The heathen in their zeal they quite for-
got;
In splitting hairs Christ's champions were
hot.

They were remainders of the past left o'er,
Who bathed their doctrine in each other's gore.
Each saw the footprints of the Great Unknown,
And claimed Him ruler for himself alone.
Such spent their lives in arguing their creed,
And left mankind without the living bread.
So God gave lightning into Franklin's hand,
And made it speak through Morse to ev'ry land;
Through air, which Adam breathed when he was loyal,
Revealed Himself, and showed its maker, royal.
He turned attention from the transcendental
And showed that life was something more than mental.
There came a change, a transformation grand,
Men's eyes were opened by a magic wand;

The storehouse of Creation was unlocked
And found with many useful things well stocked;
God showed through opening gates a better way
To bless the race, and bring men 'neath His sway.
Now through the earth men fly with fleetest speed,
Without contention 'bout their various creed;
Spreading to every realm and pagan nation
The gifts of this, our modern Civilization.
But think not process is perfection gained,
Though that is coming, 'tis not yet attained:
This earth has yet some evils which destroy,
And naught so precious but it hath alloy.

## VII

The earth hath yielded to the stroke of toil
And grown rich harvests in its fertile soil;
Implements invented by the subtle mind
Enable men rich treasure now to find.
Genius allied with reckless energy
Has yoked the elements to engin'ry;
Cities have risen with their buildings vast,
And o'er the continents a network cast
Of wires composed, and rails of steel, refined,
For quick communication well designed.
Great are the gifts of Nature to the race,
That men are finding, putting into place;
A globe transformed, upon its axis turns,
And every day some fresh advantage earns.
Our age is full of hopeful men, who see
A silver lining to the clouds that be;

They know that much there is to be reformed,
And will be, until error's heights are stormed—
Yea, conquered by the hosts of truth and light.
Who march to conflict armed with Heaven's might.

## VIII

The hosts of truth! Where are they? What is truth?
Methink 'tis hard to answer that, forsooth.
The truth for heaven seems very plain to us,
But what is truth for earth we still discuss.
Some say that truth consists in that or this,
And all who fail to think so are amiss;
Questions arise that none can answer best
Until Experience applies its test;
And many fail that others may find out
'Mongst many paths which is the safest route.
A seething caldron is the earth we tread,
Where evils many by vile minds are bred;
Hodge-podge is made by quacks and shrewd savants,
To meet man's needs and satiate his wants;

We wrestle still with agencies of wrong,
As man has done through all the ages long;
To help us battle, instruments we make,
That Satan uses good designs to break.
The printing press, invention of keen skill,
Is oft employed as agency of ill;
No unmixed good is by it produced,
Vice oft exalted, virtue oft traduced;
The little good done by the pure of aim
Is poorly blazoned by the trumps of fame;
And yet we owe to freedom of the press
The many laws that now exalt and bless;
And thousands are there in this country wide
Who in its welfare take a noble pride,
And editors there are whose lofty aim
Is to achieve not simply wealth or fame,
But all that makes a people good and great:
Yet there are others which we deprecate,
Who sap the principles of human kind
Until to Faith and Virtue men are blind;
Their only motive is a godless gain,
Nor do they care how they their news obtain;

Their columns teem with deeds of crime
and sin,
Attractive such to readers foul within;
They make their living by the panderer's
art,
And pimp to gratify the sensual heart.
Already are there signs that public taste
Is low as that which made old Rome a
waste;
God is a name to help the weak express
In terms irreverent what they should re-
press;
They publish greedily, with a large dis-
play,
Whatever takes men's faith in Him away;
They print on Sundays to distract the
mind
From holy thoughts, and things of heav-
enly kind,
Pictures of women, infamous or pure,
Yea, by methods evil human minds al-
lure;
Then dare to print some homily of grace
Within their columns, sadly out of place.
If times have changed not for the better,
We owe it mostly to the printer's letter.

## IX

To-day this government the Fathers built
Is too protective of the ways of guilt;
No fault of theirs who built this fabric up,
But fault of age in morals more corrupt.
I note a fact that fills me with alarm,
The cause to hundreds of the people harm—
I mean the centring of financial power
Within the grip of few men at this hour.
The laws of commerce toward great centres tend,
Until the millions to the hundreds bend;
Unlike the laws of Nature's vast expanse,
The laws of business do the few enhance.
Great is the problem of the general good;
To solve it, many martyrs shed their blood:
From those who fought for liberty at Rome
To those who fight for freedom nearer home.

For this the Son of God came down to earth,
Of Jewish maiden had His royal birth;
For this one day He suffered human loss,
And sought for men solution on a cross;
For this the thousands perished in their time;
For this the patriots bled; this made sublime
The men of Seventy-six: Great Washington
And those he led till victory he won,
Marshalled themselves in armies to resist
And formed a nation which doth still exist,
Where each man should be free to earn his bread
And by his own right arm be clothed and fed.
Vain was their hope, yea, all their efforts vain,
If such are thwarted by a vile chicane,
And methods subtle, practices of guile
Relieve the honest of the fruits of toil.
We need new saviors of a different kind
From those in ages long since left behind;

Not those elected by the aid of graft,
For they already drive their subjects daft.
Our public men who now the people rule
Too long have to the Devil gone to school;
If we exchange these tyrants of finance
For such 'twill not our weal advance—
Take as example of a party's way,
The G. O. P. or Tammany to-day.

## X

We see behind us in the centuries gone
Ruins of nations other than our own.
Can these United States resist what they
Went down before? If you answer yes,
I say:
Give me some reason other than your
feeling,
To show a holy God has changed His
dealing:
With those who call that Puritanic
That walks not in their path Satanic;
With those who reverence not days holy
And call His worship melancholy.
'Tis righteousness alone a nation lifteth,
Without it, it to ruin drifteth.
Already dangerous symptoms prophets
see
Of coming perils to society:
Evils imported from a foreign shore,
Mingling with those already here before,

Are changing customs which the Fathers
gave us
To keep us strong and from destruction
save us.
He's called a pessimist who ruin fears,
By optimist whom every prospect cheers,
Who'll fiddle when the world is burning
down,
And like a Nero twiddle with his crown;
"Glory to God!" he shouts. "I'm going
higher
When all the world dissolves in liquid
fire."
Be not deceived by optimistic folly,
Nor yet give way to spirits melancholy;
Be like the reverend fathers apostolic,
Equipped for battle, not for fun and frolic.

## XI

Forces of change are constantly evolving;
New combinations, old ones are dissolving.
Can this Republic, as the Fathers made her,
Assimilate the elements that invade her?
To-day we have a foreign population,
Perhaps, of forty millions in the nation,
In atmosphere monarchic born and bred;
A Pope of Church, a King of State the head,
No wonder why old customs are contrary
From what they were in first centenary.
These people who have come from o'er the seas,
Bringing strange habits with their beer and cheese,
Have little knowledge of our ways of action,
In native customs find but small attraction;

They by our party chiefs are richly prized,
And all too quickly, by them, naturalized.
Yet they some virtues have that we've
forgotten,
In some things they are pure, and we are
rotten;
Go where they dwell and you will see
them swarming,
Who think in breeding there is naught
alarming;
And they are right, for every new-made
creature
Gives to the earth an added charm of fea-
ture—
Unlike some home-made women of our
epoch,
Whose manners would an ancient matron
shock.
Noble exceptions are there, in great num-
ber;
We see them when awake and when we
slumber.
Our laws seem futile to resist transition
From olden customs to the new condi-
tion;
The moral atmosphere of life, it is not
As good as 'twas, or else we have forgot;

But certain I, in matters matrimonial,
The world was better in the days Colonial.
The union of the sexes is divine,
To bring to being they with God combine;
Immortal creatures the resultant are,
And future blessings issue from one pair.
An awful thing it is for us to be
The curse or blessing of futurity.
Society is recreant to its trust,
Its methods in this country are unjust:
It has no lofty and exalted view
Of that which joins for life the sexes two;
Industrial systems marriage does not aid,
Seeking those only who may be underpaid,
Employing women at less price than men,
Depriving state of homes and citizen.
No man is fit for husband of a wife
Who does not reverence God and human life;
And she who pledges man her solemn word
Should do it as the handmaid of the Lord.
How difficult to-day is marriage made:
Wages are small and men are underpaid,

Women and children, unprovided for,
Do take their place in factory or in store;
Blind law determines, where the state
should say,
Who work should do, and what should be
their pay;
'Tis bearded men alone on whom should
rest
A happy state, and home with children
blest;
Only the nation built on Nature's plan
Shall long exist, the hope and strength of
man.

## XII.

When I was boy, the father's rule was stern,
And I and others were compelled to learn;
Schoolmaster's rod oft fell upon the hand,
Causing our brains with knowledge to expand;
The devil in us was exorcised by switching,
To purge the soul they'd set the fingers itching,
And sometimes other place, I need not mention,
That softer is and fuller in dimension.
In modern times we've grown more sentimental
Within the schools, and under roof parental;
To be a dunce no more is deemed immoral,
To quicken wits they give a dose of chloral.
I often wish I were a boy again,
So free is learning now from toil and pain;

A daily picnic do the youngsters have,
From time they enter school until they "lave."
When I attended it no sweet carbolic
Was sprinkled round to keep away the colic;
Between the training of the voice and muscle,
The intellectual and aesthetic, hustle.
Schools are the places where the children play
A little while in middle of the day;
No wonder that they haste to them with glee,
Our boys and girls, to have their daily spree.
When I was young the graduates of college
Came out informed in every kind of knowledge;
Their heads were big, their hair was long and wiry,
Enthusiasts were they, both hot and fiery;
Each had an object, and a great ambition—
To improve the world and take a high position.

The realm of intellect was thought to be
The highest one of our humanity;
We threw our bulging locks from off the brow,
Had fronts like Jove, not as they have them now;
Our legs were normal, not this modern size,
Big biceps won no academic prize;
We were not up in pugilistic poses,
Nor did we doubt the history of Moses.
In studying hard perhaps we grew dyspeptic,
But certain I, none came out greater sceptic.
The graduate to-day of modern college
Is stronger in philosophy than knowledge;
May doubt the origin of man, yet traces
His health and happiness to college races.
Skulls won the prizes in times past away,
Sculls win them yet in our modern day.
Am I reproving? No, nor am I righting,
I am but simply current facts inditing.

## XIII

In earlier days, when I was just expanding,
Our parsons 'mongst the people were commanding;
If men did wrong from pulpit they'd rebuke it,
Until God's vengeance fearing, they forsook it.
They soothed no itching ears with foolish twaddle
As they went round in sulky or in saddle;
They stood like lights upon life's rocky shore,
And showed us whither every current bore.
How is't to-day, with these our modern preachers?
Are they of God the true inspired teachers?
Do they proclaim to mortals still found sinning
The law and gospel as at the beginning?

The fathers lived between the earth and sky,
And lived so poorly they preferred to die;
But their successors of this modern day
Do prosper so they much prefer to stay;
They teach the heavenly kingdom it is here,
That was foretold by early Jewish seer:
Yet earth is full of violence and fraud,
Though much there is the angels might applaud.
Tolstoi the Russian, to my mind, is right:
Earth's shadows are the denser for the light.
America can't point to Russia with contempt,
For she's not "Kingdom come," from sin exempt:
I read time since, in Magazine Eclectic,
An article on crime, by no dyspeptic,
In which he stated figures most astounding,
The hopeful views of people all confounding—
Crime costs six hundred millions every year.
Can it be true that kingdom come is here?

Men idly prate, whose salaries are good,
Whose stomachs feel contented with their food;
The badness of the world they see it not,
They judge it all by their own garden plot;
If you could peel them, you would find within
Some cherished evil that they think no sin;
No consciousness of any stain have they,
Nor ask forgiveness when they kneel to pray.
They who are gratified with earth's condition
Would certainly be happy in perdition.
"The world is very evil, the times are waxing late,
Be sober and keep vigil, the Judge is at the gate."
Our very methods of destruction charm,
And smiles conceal our purposes of harm;
We compliment a person to his face,
And say the word that hurls him from his place;
Few tell the truth in any walk of life,
And practices of injury are rife,

While persons preach that everything is grand,
Mammon is robbing men on every hand;
Lust is seducing from the narrow way,
And pleasure turning piety to play.
Full are the papers of reports of riot,
And vultures fatten yet on human diet:
Yet not an optimistic person squirms,
Though sin is feeding hundreds to the worms.
Britain, the sanctified, employs her money
In ways that devils think are funny:
She doth the heathen Japanese inspire
To draw the chestnuts from the Russian fire.
And are the other nations buccaneering
In eastern waters, more than her, God fearing?
Go preach my Gospel unto every savage,
And as you preach, the word that rhymes is—ravage.
O that was not what the Saviour said,
He came to earth to give the living bread:
So should a dying world with it be fed.
Until the modus of our operandi
Shows Christian motive, call your propaganda

By its true name of "selfish and Satanic,"
"American, Germanic, or Brittanic."
Are these the times of generous good feeling,
When all are merciful in thought and dealing?
One might expect while listening to the preaching,
Men did not practice any over-reaching.
If no reproof is needed, all are pure,
Why do the doctors go about to cure?
Why do I pass policemen on the street?
Why can't I trust all people that I meet?
I read of judges now and then who say
To cringing culprits, "Hang on such a day."
When we go out our front door, do we lock it,
Or as we walk abroad keep hand in pocket?
And when we bargain do we queer the jargon
Of the good man with whom we drive the bargain?
Do even preachers preaching these discourses,
Trust fully those with whom they swap their horses?

Are these the halcyon days foretold of old,
When wolf and lamb lie snugly in one fold?
I know the bears in yon Yosemite
Betray to-day no ancient enmity—
Yea, willingly stand up to be undone
By Roosevelt's or anybody's gun;
But will the wolf let little lamblet play
Outside his stomach? No, truth anwers, nay.
If people are so good it is a wonder
In such clear sky we hear no clap of thunder.

## XIV

The tyranny of priests and kings exist no longer,
That of the doctors has become the stronger.
In olden time the future did alarm us,
'Tis now we fear that microbes they will harm us.
These, though invisible to the human eye,
Ride on the wind, in every cesspool lie;
Yea, every person walking 'long the road
Has deathly germs, perhaps, about him stowed;
When lovers meet they hardly dare to hug,
From fear of danger from each other's bug.
The public's doctors now inspect our houses,
To-morrow they may search our frocks and trouse's;

Soon all the people walking in the street
They'll smell to ascertain if they are sweet;
To save our lives, the doctors are annoying,
To save our lives, are happiness destroying:
I'd rather be a savage in the forest shady
Than be a twentieth century gentleman or lady.

## XV

Before I close I am inclined to mention
A few ideas concerning intervention:
Few nations are there big enough to do it,
And those that do may soon have chance
to rue it.
Go not between two dogs when they are
fighting
Unless you are prepared to do some bit-
ing;
There's misconstruction of the best en-
deavor,
And few are thought more good than they
are clever.
Alas! alas! that warring perturbation
Disturbs the peaceful in the Lord's crea-
tion.
Sometimes, however, powdery explosion
Has acted like a purifying lotion:
I know a people that was made a nation—
Yea, a great, a rich, a mighty nation—

By lurid war—yet war shall some time cease
And all the earth enjoy millennial peace.
But long as rank injustice rules mankind,
No holy peace shall here firm lodgment find;
So long as greed shall dominate the thought
Shall battles many on the earth be fought;
So long as patriotism, love of nation,
Productive of inhuman isolation,
Control the citizens of each separate state,
For peace on earth shall all the world await:
'Tis not the love of flag but love of men
Can open gates of Paradise again.

## XVI

In this, our age of progress, Science preaches,
And contradicts the Bible as it teaches;
It can explain how everything got here,
Better than Moses—Hebrew scribe and seer.
'Tis evolution versus revelation—
Shows modus operandi of creation (?)
Man never fell, he ever has been growing,
When Moses said so he was only blowing:
Man has existed in some form or other
For many million aeons altogether (?)
For what are aeons to a mind elastic
When dealing with the protoplastic?
And what are statute miles in spaces stellar
To any scientific story-teller?
I still believe that Adam was and tumbled,
And that he was by his Creator humbled;

316767 —

I still believe the farther back you go
The men that lived more than the moderns know,
About the time when they began to be,
Than's taught to-day in their philosophy.
The earlier peoples, no greater fools than we,
Knew what was fact and what was theory;
Believed that Moses was a wise savant,
Who gave them freedom and supplied their want.
He did not simply sit in study chair
And build a science out of gas and air;
No "fake" was he to lead the world astray,
Such as we have in this our fool to-day.
For fool-age this, if ever such there was,
Which puts belief in idiotic cause—
Is this not fool-age? Listen to its talk,
Peruse its pamphlets, see its people stalk;
Stand by its railways, note its passing trains;
Visit their cities, enter hippodromes,
And see before you products of their homes;

Enter their courts, observe the judges sever,
The parents of the same forever and forever:
To them life is a revel, or a run,
Their serious thought is given to their fun;
And even death is treated with delight,
With songs and flowers are they buried from the sight.
Yet fool-age though it be, it is our own,
So let us jocund be and cease to moan.

## XVII

The present is the product of the past
In part, at least, this present was forecast.
Where are the people that have helped to give
The civilization in midst of which we live?
If they are not enjoying any gain
From all their earthly travail, toil, and pain,
This earth, this universe, all space
Is but the passing of a clown's grimace.
No, no, the thought's abhorrent to the soul,
There is for humankind a happy goal.
Wherein of fruit of all the efforts here,
They now partake with Christ, their Saviour, near.
Not yet is present Paradise again,
We have too many deluges of rain,

Earth's winds, that cool the heated brow
to-day,
To-morrow sweep man's dwelling place
away;
The sun that shed its rays of pleasing light
To-morrow scorches, and destroys the
sight;
The calm blue waters of the noble sea,
To-morrow rise, and whelm in misery.
We cannot put our trust in earth or man,
Here all things fail, and life is but a span;
Yet hope sits regnant in the human
breast,
And golden rims the darkest clouds in-
vest.
Let "action" then be motto as we go,
Redeem the time, waste no important
now,
O'ercome life's obstacles with sturdy will,
Plough well the field and all thy garden
till.
Improve thy age by conquering thyself,
Quench avarice, nor slave for sordid pelf;
Let not a false ambition lead thee on
To climb on other's losses to a crown;
Think well of all men, nor thyself deride,
For self-respect is distant far from pride.

If thou shouldst stumble, stay not fallen down,
Rise quickly to thy feet, be man, not clown:
For he achieves who triumphs o'er his faults,
And he is lost who, when he stumbles, halts.
We grow by struggling; that, you may depend.
How noble 'tis to struggle, and contend;
A life of combat is a life that makes
Our hearts heroic, and our strength awakes.
Men call those evils which their paths oppose,
And strikes at good misplaced, their angry blows.
Past ages in their ignorance destroyed
What wisely we have usefully employed;
They thought that Satan grew the poison plants
To kill mankind, but knowledge has advanced;
They thought temptation was a form of error,
And fled before it in a state of terror.

If men were tempted not, how good they'd
be —
As good as children in their infancy.
'Tis opposition brings us into being,
And conscious we become by disagreeing.
Contending forces in the realm of Nature
Produce all things, yea, every sort of crea-
ture.
We should not value heaven, were there
no hell;
Unworthy he of that who cannot tell
Of victories in combat with the Devil,
With world and flesh and every kind of
evil.
If everything were right, and naught were
wrong,
Our life on earth would scarce be "worth
a song."
Notes from the realm of discord Genius
takes,
And with them noblest harmony awakes;
What men think evil is oftentimes the
good:
The overflowing Nile gave Egypt food;
'Twas Chaos that supplied the architect,
The elements these planets to erect;

'Twas Waterloo gave Wellington his fame,
Sebastopol gave Nightingale her name.
'Tis not the infants fed with silver spoon
That best resist the influence of the moon—
It was the babe who, cradled in the straw,
Sits now in heaven and holds the world in awe.
To stand on earth we need a self-control,
The product of a true and noble soul.
'Tis not the men that win the wealth of earth
That by our God are deemed the most of worth;
'Tis not the men whom worldly souls applaud
Whom He approves, whom all His angels laud!
'Tis they who 'mid the tempting lusts have fought
Like Paul, for what their conscience said they ought.
A place there is for manhood's equal sway:
'Tis earth, this age, this continent, this day;

Here in the midst of forces that oppose,
Manhood may triumph o'er its mortal foes.
Beneath the flag our fathers raised on high,
We Christians faith may preach, exemplify.
If we do not, then greater fools are we
Than all the perished states of history.
Think not that we can violate the will
Of great Jehovah, and yet prosper still;
For no respecter He of sinners vile
Who His own image with their sins defile.
Yet much I hear and read that seems to me
To show that people think that we are free
From obligation e'en to Him who sits
And of the steeds of destiny holds the bits.
When He gave law, behold a mountain quakes,
Dare disobey, and all His vengeance wakes.
Imperial Rome defied Him; open hell
And you shall see where Roman fragments fell.

We have within ourselves the element of woe;
Offend our God, we back to chaos go.
Perils within us, and above us, bide,
Like avalanche to Swiss on mountain-side.
Unless there come a Pentecostal fire
We shall through Freedom's privileges expire;
She hath declared that all are equal born,
And have an equal right to Plenty's horn.
And lo, all men come sailing o'er the sea,
To gain advantage out of liberty;
Each brings his Fetich and his prejudice—
Can we assimilate them all with this?
We cannot, unless Heaven will aid us
To harmonize the people who invade us.
Let's trust in God and keep His Sabbaths holy,
Insist on worship of Jehovah solely;
Keep door ajar, nor open it too wide,
We would not have all heathendom inside.

We have this life, let each but use it right,
And he shall conquer Satan with God's might;
He will direct him as he battles on,
And give him Victory's triumphant song.